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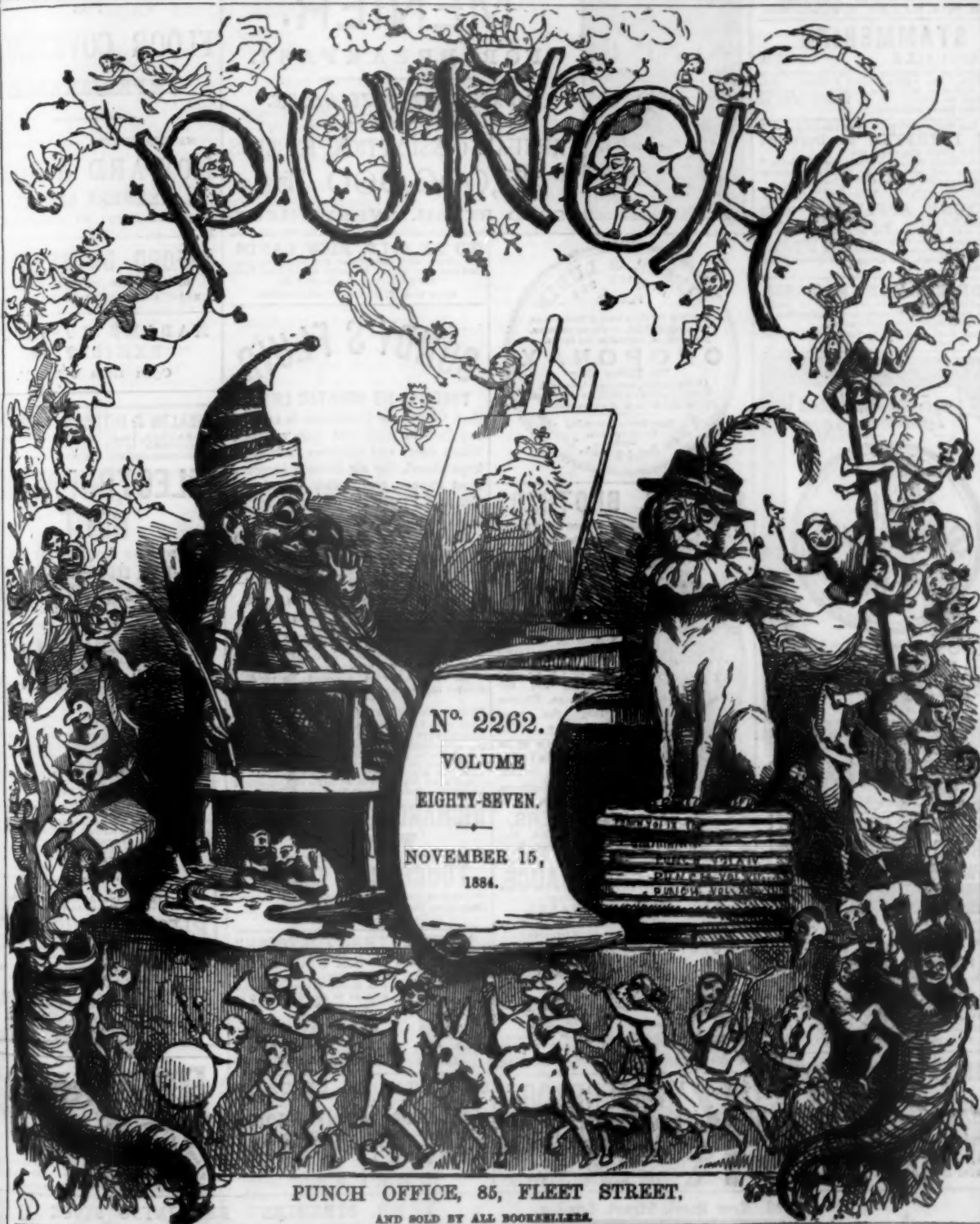
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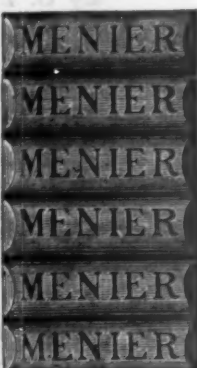
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VERY MUCH ABROAD.

The Last Chapter.

THE view we individually take of the *traitements* here is this, that "it is good for the other fellow." For example—CHIVERS thinks that the waters suit *me* perfectly, but that they don't suit *him*. For my part I hold conscientiously that the waters don't suit *me*, but are evidently benefiting CHIVERS. SPICKER is of opinion that the *traitements* suits us both, but that *he* ought never to have been sent here. We tell him that he is vastly better for the course.

CHIVERS returns to his first opinion, and exclaims, "I believe it's all humbug. Look at my nose!"

I do look at his nose, and affirm—*je constate*—that it is distinctly better. It is a wiser and a better nose than when it came here.

"So is yours," says CHIVERS, as if he were uttering a retort. "But," we all three put it, "if the waters can be bottled and sent to England, why not go through all this at home?"

The only evident answer to this is, that there are fourteen Doctors at La Bourboule. And the fourteen Doctors of La Bourboule must live. At least, *they* think so; that is their opinion, as Doctors.

This is in our minds and on our lips as we sit down to our frugal dinner, when suddenly there enters Dr. PRONITZ to see his patients.

Now, a Doctor should never come, professionally, to see his patients at meal-times. It is unfair. It is the Schoolmaster paying a visit to his young friend during the holidays. If the Doctor comes, it must be as a guest. He accepts, with pleasure. "LESBIA hath a beaming eye"—but not so beaming as Dr. PRONITZ's, when he consents to join his three patients at dinner, and goes out to hang up his hat and coat in the outer hall. While he is away, we say, as by one inspiration, "Now we'll get out of him the truth about La Bourboule."

In a moment d'*égarement* we expect to hear him laugh outright under our very noses, to see him throw himself back in his chair



The "Traitements;" or, Theory and Practice.

after the tenth bottle of "the Generous"), and exclaim "La Bourboule be blowed! *Entre nous*, and not letting it go beyond this table, La Bourboule is humbug, and the *traitements* bosh!"

Then shall we pulverise him? No. He is our guest, and the laws of hospitality will have to be respected.

We are looking forward to Frightful Revelations about the La Bourboule Swindle, when our Doctor enters, merrily rubbing his hands.

But—shall I reveal the secrets of the dinner-table? Never!

What if our Doctor gave us a dispensation for once and away? What if we availed ourselves of it to any extent under his able advice and distinct encouragement? Is it for me to "split" on my brave companions? Perish the thought! And suppose I cannot remember one quarter of the good things said—or what time we retired to rest—whether the Landlord looked in to say that every-

one had been in bed for hours, and that nothing more could be had, not even Vals Waters? and suppose that even now, in trying to recall the events of that night, I have some vague recollection of how we all wanted to sally forth to find the real, unadulterated, original spring of the La Bourboule waters; how we thought we saw before us a new Company to be started, which should deal with this real spring, wherever it might be; and how we were for arguing the legal points as to who was the real owner of the waters of La Bourboule, and whether, being a natural product, and for the benefit of mankind, it ought to be in the hands of anybody in particular, except ourselves; and whether we could cut the La Bourboule water off and take it somewhere else; and how the Landlord reappeared, and said he must put out the gas, and how he was dubious about trusting us with candles; and how he saw us safely to our rooms; and how we didn't know exactly when the Doctor had left us,—whether he had gone out by the door or had disappeared under the table,—suppose, I say, that all this were so,—what does it prove?

I think it proves that we were very much better.

CHIVERS is dismayed at the prospect of having to pack up for himself. "I'll never come out again without someone to pack up for me," he says. SPICKER suggests that he should be accompanied by Eastern slaves. Why not by "Packer's Band"? His name is Easy, but his task is difficult.

We all start for Paris. CHARLES, the faithful *Chasseur*, is at the P. L. M. Station (we have returned by a different route, and have seen Royat in passing, which is a charming place we all agree, as far as we can judge of it from our carriage-window, and we regret not having been there instead of at La Bourboule), and he has taken my room for me at the Grand Hotel, which I reach at about a quarter before midnight. At the last moment I catch sight of the Gentleman whose name is Easy having a row with a porter and a cabman, while SPICKER, whom the waters of La Bourboule have quite deprived of his voice, is gesticulating to an amiable coachman who, apparently, doesn't or won't understand him.

The next day—oh, the comfort of a good breakfast at the Grand! It is in the off-season, yet it is a breakfast worth eating, and the dishes are not cooked *à la mode de La Bourboule* with bad butter or tallow-and-candle grease.

In the evening CHIVERS and myself appear, after our long absence, in the character of *deux viveurs attablés chez BIGNON, et après le dîner, buvant le café en fumant de bons cigares*, hearing from the head-waiter HENRI how dull everything has been, and is; and how the foreigners have been scared away by the report of cholera, and *habitués* have departed for the *chasse*, or are still dispersing themselves on the sea coast. We drink Dr. PRONITZ's health (at a distance—bless him!) in a couple of bottles of Pontet-Canet, and, for the first time for nearly a month, are able to enjoy what it is just to BIGNON's to call an extra good dinner—for which it is equally just to BIGNON's to add we pay an extra good price. A couple of quails—excellent, I admit—cost us ten francs, and this in the first week of September. A peach,—CHIVERS said "anything would do for him," and insisted on having a peach,—was half-a-crown. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* We don't escape from the prison-fare of La Bourboule every day,—thank goodness! After this light entertainment we visit the Eden Théâtre, where *Excelsior* is still going on, but sadly shorn of its first glory.

There we meet SPICKER, who has already partially recovered the use of his voice. He is full of regrets; his chief regret being that

he did not go to see GUGENOT at La Bourboule. He has half a mind to retrace his steps. In this state of indecision we leave him on a wet night at the corner of the Rue Scribe, and, wishing one another farewell, we separate, each one taking his own way, as he has done before the treatment of La Bourboule had brought us together for three short weeks of our life. And so ends our trip to La Bourboule, where, as far as I can say at present, it seems to me I have been "very much abroad."



"When shall we Three meet again?"
Taking the Rain-Waters.

LAW IN LAVENDER.—The peculiarly sweet scent of "the *Mignonnette* Case" at Exeter Assizes, seems to have had a strong attraction for the fair sex, "not a few of whom," says the *Daily News*, "were in the galleries of the Court," while "a few Ladies and Gentlemen of position in the neighbourhood" improved their status by joining the High Sheriff, who was in full yeomanry uniform,—as an officer and a sheriff,—on the Bench. "Some of the details of the case," the report goes on to say, "were hardly fit for Ladies' ears"—ahem!—then to what section of the fair sex did the ears of those in the galleries and on the Bench belong?—"but there being no controversy as to facts, Counsel on both sides were able to pass those lightly over." And so justice put on its lavender kids, sprinkled rose-water, and accommodated the repulsive details to the susceptibilities of the audience. Excellent precedent. In future "Ladies present" will be sufficient to warn Counsel that they must find delicate synonyms, and if it is absolutely necessary to call a spade a spade, then it must be done in a whisper, the Counsel, Witness, Judge, and one Reporter coming close up to the jury-box.



NEAT AND TIDY!



TIGHT AND NEEDY!

MORAL!

DEBT AND DEFENCES.

THE design of reducing the National Debt
Is a statesman-like purpose, which merits all praise;
Though we mayn't reap the benefit of it just yet,
Till perhaps after many, a good many days.
But suppose that we don't, it will prove, of a verity,
An unspeakable blessing and boon to Posterity.

From Consols Three-per-Cent, cut down even to Two-
And-a-Half, though maybe that immediate relief
To the Tax-payer sensibly will not accrue.

Whilst impoverished Fundholders come to sore grief—
Never mind, you'll have made an heroic exertion
In attempting the masterly scheme of conversion.

Still, however immensely important and great,
'Tis a matter not urgent, sooth strictly to say,
For a season, if need be, convenience can wait.
And stand over no worse for a term of delay;
To more pressing affairs if required to attend,
You have money to raise, and must borrow and spend.

There's our Navy, scarce up to the standard of France,
O my Lords, and then where in the world should we be
If a war at the shortest of warning should chance,
And no longer we held the command of the Sea,
And at once had, far short of complete preparation,
To confront allies banded, and face combination?

For our food we depend upon sea-borne supplies,
Should want ships to secure them all over the main,
And our Colonies guard, and our commerce likewise,
Coast-defences meanwhile for our shores to maintain.
For those purposes all could you cruisers commission?
Have you Iron-clads enow in a fighting condition?

Hand we down to Posterity burdens as light
As we may, by all manner of means, if we can,
Unto them to come after, for doing aright,
Diminution of Debt will be deemed a good plan.
But the rather, would we win their golden opinions—
Hand a strong Navy down with unconquered dominions.

DIARY OF A "CHUCKER-OUT."

Monday.—Busy day. In morning, send order for horsewhips, of extra thickness, to firm of Hippopotamus-hide importers, and put toes of iron-clad boots on grind-stone, in preparation for to-morrow's Demonstration (so-called) by our opponents in favour of "Liberty of the Subject." Called on my Parliamentary Employer, up backstairs. He deplored the prospect of a violent interference with the Demonstration, and gave me five-pound note "for my starving little ones." As I haven't got a family, don't quite know what he means.

Tuesday.—Capital idea in bed this morning. Place fifty coalheavers with bludgeons up their backs right in front of platform. Up to mid-day engaged in forging tickets for the Demonstration. Afternoon—try and slip half a sovereign into Chief Constable's hand, to induce him to remove Police to other end of town. Threatens to lock me up—and I tell him "it's only fun." In evening—set off for "Liberty of Subject" Meeting. Question is, shall I take my loaded cane, my six-shooter, or the patent explosive dynamite crackers with me? Happy thought—take 'em all. I do.

Wednesday.—Head split open; splitting headache as result. Exciting time of it last night. My dynamite crackers flying all about platform, mark quite a new departure in politics. Their chief speaker—Cabinet Minister, too—lost the sight of one eye, at all events. That's something. Employer much pleased, but pretends not to be. Deplores "outrage on public decency," and gives me another fiver, for starving family, as before. Asks if my men are ready with their affidavits to prove that the Right Honourable offered 'em a guinea a-piece to assassinate our leaders. Must attend to this at once.

Thursday.—Some of my lambs are turning sheepish, and object to make "Statutory Declaration." Say, very unreasonably, they "don't want to be put in quod for ten years." Give 'em something for their starving families, and they think better of it.

Friday.—My Employer quite flattering to-day. Says my language and conduct are habitually so violent and revolting that I should really be quite an acquisition in Parliament. Rumour that some of my fifty coalheavers have gone over to the enemy! This is patriotism!

Saturday.—In gaol! The coalheavers have deserted me *en masse*. It was the "Statutory Declarations" that did it. Didn't like the name. Now here I am, charged with perjury, conspiracy, and inciting to violence. Am sorry I broke up the Meeting now—"Liberty of the Subject" not such a bad thing, after all.

THE MODERN MEN OF GOTHAM!—(WHO WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL.)



AIR—"Little Billee."

THERE were three dwellers in Gotham city
Who took a bowl and put to sea;
But first with fallacies, and figments,
And cooked statistics they loaded she.
There was bumptious 'ARRY, and bouncing
JEMMY,
And the youngest he was little RANDEE;
And there wasn't an able-bodied seaman,
Nor a skilful steersman among the three.
And the bowl was crank as the crankiest
cockboat,
It hadn't a keel, and its bottom was queer;
And it rolled and pitched like a tipsy porpoise,
And it couldn't sail, and it wouldn't steer.
They might have sailed in a genuine clipper,
'ARRY and JEMMY, and little RANDEE,
But they'd had a row with the Free Trade
skipper,
And were filled with the spirit of mutineer.

Their craft—"Fair Trade" was the name
they christened it—
They jointly launched on the tumbling ocean,
And they huddled into her with a lot of
shouting,
But they soon felt queer, all along of her
motion.
For she tumbled this way, and wobbled that
way,
And she circumvoluted like a te-to-tum;
And the angry billows dashed damply over
them,
Whilst they whistled for a fair wind, which
wouldn't come.
Thus bumptious 'ARRY and bouncing JEMMY,
And the cocky urchin called little RANDEE!
And they hadn't got far from the Prime
Meridian,
When they wished they were safe on a
Seventy-Three.

Says bumptious 'ARRY to bouncing JEMMY,
"I fear we are *very much* at sea."
To bumptious 'ARRY says bouncing JEMMY,
"How about Reciprocitee?"
Says bumptious 'ARRY to bouncing JEMMY,
"I begin to fear that it won't help we
If this blessed bowl takes us bang to the
bottom,
What do you think of it, little RANDEE?"
Says he, "Our Free Trade Catechism
We'd better repeat upon bended knee,
And be more particular about the Ninth
Commandment,
Nor again go floating in a bowl to sea."
So when they got back to the Free Trade
skipper,
He chivied 'ARRY and he chaffed JEMMY.
But as for little RANDEE, they made him—
Well, they who live longest will probably see!

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE.

(On "Juliet and Romeo" at the Lyceum.)

MY DEAR MRS. KENDAL,
ON the subject of *Juliet and Romeo* at the Lyceum,—it was *Juliet*, of course, in whom everyone was mainly interested,—I had



Mr. Arthur Stirling as
Martin Luther.

intended writing to our dear ELLEN TERRY, but owing to the adoption of the self-effacing, or "silent system," the Irving Company of strollers do not so advertise themselves in such a manner as to catch the intelligent eye that is thrown over the Theatrical Advertisements in the daily papers by yours truly. The production of *Juliet and Romeo* required no little pluck. Pluck, like virtue, when the latter is well advertised, meets with its own reward, and therefore this play of *Juliet Anderson and Romeo Terriss* is likely to be highly successful. All that decorative Art and archaeological learning could do for it, has been done; and the Manager who next revives the play, must either go in heavier for revolving scenes, patent slides, reversible wings, and various astounding novelties, or it must be played with any scenes that can be got

together at a moment's notice, and the excellence of the acting must alone be relied on for the success of the performance.

When you, my dear Lady, get up TOBIN's *Honeymoon*, or SHAKESPEARE's *Katherine and Petruchio* (I hear it is a toss-up which you do at St. James's—

"TOBIN, or not

TOBIN, that is the

question"), what-

ever you do, don't

you overload it

with scenery and

costumes. You

cannot choose but

be correct. I

know, specially if

you are looked

after by Mr.

LEWIS WING-

FIELD, who,

though under the

greatest tempta-

tion to play

Unlimited Loo-is,

has throughout

Miss ANDERSON'S

Lyceum career

been the discreet

director of her

theatrical costume

conscience.

But don't be too

correct. And of

course, for choice,

you will prefer

The Honeymoon to

The Taming of the

Shrew, with JOHNNIE HARE

for *Kit Sly*, the

Cobbler, eh?

Now, for instance,

in their anxiety

to give something

new at the Lyceum,

what ought to be

Friar Laurence's cell

becomes a cloister

with a gate, and,

consequently,

the good monk

has to carry about

with him the sleep-

ing potion in a

small phial,

as a sort of thing

he might be called

upon at any moment

to prescribe for an

ordinary attack of

toothache. SHAKESPEARE

meant him to keep

this, among other

decoctions made

from simples, in

his cell. It seems

absurd—I am

sure you would

say so—when a

jolly old Martin

Luther, as is

Mr. ARTHUR

STIRLING'S Monk,

pulls out, from

some mysterious

undergarment,

beneath his friar's

garb, a little

bottle, which

only requires

labelled directions

to make it perfect.

Perhaps the

substitution of the

cloisters for the

cell was a delicate

compliment to the

influence, at the

Lyceum, of an

Abbey.

I think you

would like one

innovation

which gives

respectability to

the idea of

the play, which

is, after all,

only the sickly

story of a lovesick

youth and a

hysterical school-

girl, I mean the

introduction of a

marriage ceremony,

whereat *Father*

Laurence officiates

in a private

chapel, with a

Maltese cross

and two lighted

candles on an

altar;



A Standing Joke from the
Criterion. Mercutio as
Henry the Eighth.



The Jumping Juliet.

though your strong sense of propriety would be shocked by the absence of legal witnesses. *Father Laurence*, as *Martin Luther*, is naturally careless of externals, or he would have donned an official stole, and have insisted on Miss JULIET ANDERSON wearing the veil which she has wilfully thrown down on the ground; for, though *Juliet* is going to be married, yet on this occasion we must insist on her "taking the veil."



Juliet collapsed and carted off. A Great Draw!

As to the Bedroom Scene—well, as I observed last week in a mere memorandum, I'm afraid you would not like it. Of course, *honi soit qui mal y pense*; there is no harm in it, and they're only purtendin', and I might take my maiden Aunt to see it, and not risk my chance of being left something handsome in her will.

Yet, somehow, girl-wife as MARY JULIET appears, and hugging, tumbling, and clinging as are both *Romeo* and *Juliet* to each other, yet there is that apparent Art about it all which robs their passion of what should be its pathetic aspect. JULIET ANDERSON is nothing if not statuesque: she looks well standing in an attitude, she looks well asleep in the Tomb Scene; she is best when posing, or reposing. The Bedroom-cum-Balcony-Scene suggests an advertisement for PEARS' Soap and Argosy Braces.



The Story of Verona in the Olden Time, as represented at the Lyceum. A really moving tale. Draught and change of scene strongly recommended by the faculty.

If you ever went to the Criterion—Oh, they do play such naughty pieces there.—*Belay* you know,—you would have recognised how admirably Mr. HERBERT STANDING was suited for *Mercutio*—until he had to do it. As *Mercutio* he looked like Henry the Eighth or Sir Toby Belch Junior, and gave the *Queen Mab* speech as if it were an improvised entertainment. It would have been vastly improved had he divided the speech and delivered the different lines in imitation of various well-known and popular actors. Perhaps he has



A Dramatic Contrast. Why didn't Shakespeare bring Peter and the Apothecary together in a comic scene, as the originals of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* and *Job Trotter*?



Punch (Romeo) and Juliet.

worked it up to this, and if so it will be one of the main attractions of the piece. As it was on the first night, his *Mercutio* was not well received, but as WILLY WIGGS remarked—"The piece is a success—not-with-STANDING." Good that: a regular side-splitter.

Mrs. STIRLING'S *Nurse* excellent: too much is made by *Juliet* of the coaxing and wheedling scene, which becomes tedious, because so evidently artificial.

ARTHUR STIRLING is true to his *Martin Luther* make-up, when he

brightens up and actually "ehortles" with joy at the idea of his own suggestion about *Romeo* going back to *Juliet*, just as if he had hit upon a real lark.

Mr. TERRISS made the hit of the evening in his fight with *Tybalt*, killing him in two-twos; and, on account of its success, repeating the rapid act of swordsmanship with *Paris*, when it didn't go quite so well. But Mr. TERRISS has scored. I think you would own that he looks a thorough *Romeo*.

What wretched parts are those about which so much is constantly said and written; i.e., *Peter* and *The Apothecary*. Why, in a modern play no Low Comedian of any position would accept either of them. Thankless



Mr. Terriss makes a hit in *Romeo*, and goes right through *Paris*.

both. But Mr. KEMBLE, who plays *Peter*, will have plenty of time to study *Hamlet*.

BARRETT will tremble
When thinking of KEMBLE.

Haven't I said much about Miss MARY? Well, really, there is so little to say. In the earlier portions she was more than less a *Juliet*; but when her dramatic energies were taxed, she was found wanting, the noisy ranting of her potion scene was enough to have roused all the *Night-Capulets* and brought them to her room; while her violent gymnastic header into, or rather, right over the bed, was sufficient to have brought down the house,—which it did.

Are you going to take the Haymarket, *viz* BANCROFTS retired? Will JOHNNIE HARK take it? Not he. He won't succeed to the Busy B.'s with the Haymarket; he's far more likely to succeed at the Newmarket. Perhaps MARY ANDERSON will be the new lessee. Anyhow, wish you joy; and that there may be lots of Honey in the Moon for both, is the sincerest wish of your devoted Admirer, NIBBS.

P.S. Want of space prevents me from giving you all the information I should like to about BRONSON HOWARD's American Comedy, called *Young Mrs. Winthrop*. It is a very pretty little play, with no plot to speak of, having in its favour that it commences at 8:45, and ends at ten minutes to eleven. There is some unnecessary tall writing in it, and a childish love-making scene, of the Robertsonian style, once so popular. The whole story might have been told effectively in one Act. You will be sorry to hear that the subject is the separation of man and wife; but I assure you the moral is good, and they are all right again, and no harm done, though I must say that if Mr. Conway Winthrop had gone wrong, Miss MARION TERRISS's lackadaisical *Mrs. Winthrop* would have been a sufficient justification for any little slip. As a matter of fact, he does stay away from her for a year, and what he is doing all that time nobody knows, or, apparently, cares.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD has a capitally-written part, and her rendering of it is inimitable. When Mrs. WOOD and her husband, from whom she has been divorced (this part of it wouldn't suit the St. James's, of course) meet, and do nothing but wink—my! such winks!—at one another, a Gentleman in the Stalls (O MOY!) remarked that theirs must have been *Divorce a Winkulo*.

Miss NORREYS as the extraordinarily simple, and playfully gushing blind girl, *Miss Bertha Plummer Junior*, is an acquisition to the company. Within a couple of years she will appear as *Ophelia*, unless some one gives her the chance of doing *Juliet*.

Mr. Winthrop does not demand much from Mr. CONWAY, but he plays it most effectively. There are no broad dramatic effects in the play. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL has a part which would not be worth mentioning, were it not for the situation which brings down the Curtain. In the finish of the piece lies its success; but this would have been frequently in jeopardy but for the "finish" of the acting, —and especially of the acting of Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.

Yours again, NIBBS.

DEAR CARL ROSA,

The Italian Opera at Her Majesty's promises well. I went first night, to hear the *Barbiere*. Ah! how delightful. Signor PADILLA, as you know, is a capital Barber, full of humour and never a buffoon. The only misfortune is that he has a far more distinguished presence than his employer, Count *Almaviva*, who is not much of a gay dog, and looks as serious as if he were a member of

some Church-and-Stage Guild. To hear *Rosina* (Mme. LAURA SEUR) sing,—and, indeed, to hear the entire Opera sung, played, and acted as they do it at Her Majesty's, is a real treat to those who love the old school of melodious Italian Opera.

And what a novelty to get away, for one night, from antiquarian correctness, from wearying details of archaeological research, and from a bewildering wealth of spectacular display, to the haphazard



Signor Padilla as Figaro "The Young Shaver."



Scoring (Bass) off his own Bat.

take-us-as-you-find-us scenes with which, under the present circumstances, the Italian Operas, in a sort of scratch season like this of energetic Mr. HAYES's, have to be satisfied.

My dear ROSA, don't make any mistake. Give us good singing and good acting, and bother the buttons, and hang the architecture! Why, bless you, here was the first Scene of the *Barbiere* played in full view of the dome of St. Paul's, and *Almaviva* and *Figaro* serenaded *Rosina* in front of a tumble-down old house somewhere out of the Strand, in the E.C. District, on the wall of which was distinctly visible the brass-plate of a London Fire Insurance Office, and where on a small door could easily be deciphered the word, "Office." What does it matter as long as the singing and the acting is all you desire? I know you sincerely hope that this attempt will be well supported, as every little well done goes to encourage the musical taste of the people, and undoubtedly we ought to have a National Opera-house with you at the head of it, and HAYES your chief secretary to copy out your musical notes, and in the evening to go in front and take a few bars rest. Success to the venture, says Yours truly, NIBBS.

NARY BLAINE!

American Democratic Version of an Old Song.

"Blaine and Blaineism are dead."—*New York Times*.

AIR—"Mary Blaine."

THERE once was a party who aspired to be President,
Whose name was Mister BLAINE,
And whose like, we hope, as Republican candidate,
We ne'er may meet again.
The friend of corruption and of principles rotten,
He was proved by the shady past of him,
But now that from CLEVELAND his licking he has gotten,
Let's trust we have heard the last of him!

Chorus.

The country's verdict's "nary BLAINE!"

A land relieved bids him adieu.

Fare thee well, poor beaten BLAINE!

Permit us to assure you that all honest Citizens in this and other countries indulge the hope that such a notoriously corruptionist, thrasonically spreadeagle-ish, jobber-whitewashing, trust-abusing, Paddy-pandering, wire-pulling Jeremy Diddler of a Republican candidate,

We ne'er may meet again!

CON. FOR ST. STEPHEN'S.

Q. Why is a Parliamentary Debate now like a Cook's Tour?
A. Because it is "personally" conducted.

POLITICAL DARWINISM.—Can Mr. GLADSTONE possibly think of creating new Peers? Certainly not. Everybody has now discarded altogether the Chimera of a Creation. The only method by which a Prime Minister can augment the House of Lords with additional Members, at this time of day, is that of Evolution, accomplished by Natural Selection with a view, of course, respecting Hereditary Legislators, to the Survival of the Fittest.



A LAMENT.

Dowager. "IT'S BEEN THE WORST SEASON I CAN REMEMBER, SIR JAMES! ALL THE MEN SEEM TO HAVE GOT MARRIED, AND NONE OF THE GIRLS!"

À PROPOS.

JOHN BULL, *loquitur* :—

"By the way," Gentlemen? And do you think

That safety is a sort of after-thought?
Come, front the question fairly; do not shrink,

Or hide in platitudes with peril fraught.
No bland official optimism now
Can lull me into acquiescent ease.
Just give me your attention, anyhow,
And also a straight answer, if you please!

Busy? Of course, you generally are,
But what were your opinion of a warder
Too busy to attend to bolt and bar,
Or keep portcullis, bridge, and moat in order?
A traitorous knave? Better not use strong terms

Until we're clear about their application,
But loyalty the need of care confirms.
When he on watch is Warder of a Nation.

And such a Nation! By a vast sea-moat,
So circled that its first and chief defence
Must of necessity be found afloat!
To babble of convenience or expense
Were puerile poltroonery, or worse—
Economy is wise—but to what end?
Where's the advantage of a well-plumped purse

Which you have not the power to defend?

Question of my Supremacy at Sea?
It should not be a question, but as sure,
To me and all men, as the Rule of Three,
That England rules the waves, and sits secure.

If that be left in doubt whilst swell my foe-men,
And Statesmen waste my time in abindly strident,
Old Father NEP may cut us—*absit omen*!—
And poor BRITANNIA go and pawn her trident.

Some little talk about the Navy? Yes,
They're always at it, are the Ins and Outs,
More Navy, and of talk a great deal less,
Is what I want. Your rival Party flouts
Perplex all heads and pain all patriot hearts.
If all your wits can't make the matter certain,
In Britain's drama best give up your parts,
Kick out the puppets, and ring down the curtain.

All other questions secondary seem
Compared with this, and till right answer's given,
My isled stability is but a dream,
Sure by the first rude fact-shock to be riven.
What of the night, my Watchmen? If you miss

This need, all counsel else is brainless bray,
And all are fools or traitors who hold *this*
A subject to be dealt with "by the way."

WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS TO THE "SATURDAY."

DIDN'T the *Saturday Review* say that "the life and example of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE . . . cannot be crystallised in a *bon mot*?" If so, the *Sabbathday Review* was palpably wrong. Why, the good Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE is himself a brilliant example of a real "*Bon Mo*."

"HAMLET" IN THE GALLERY.

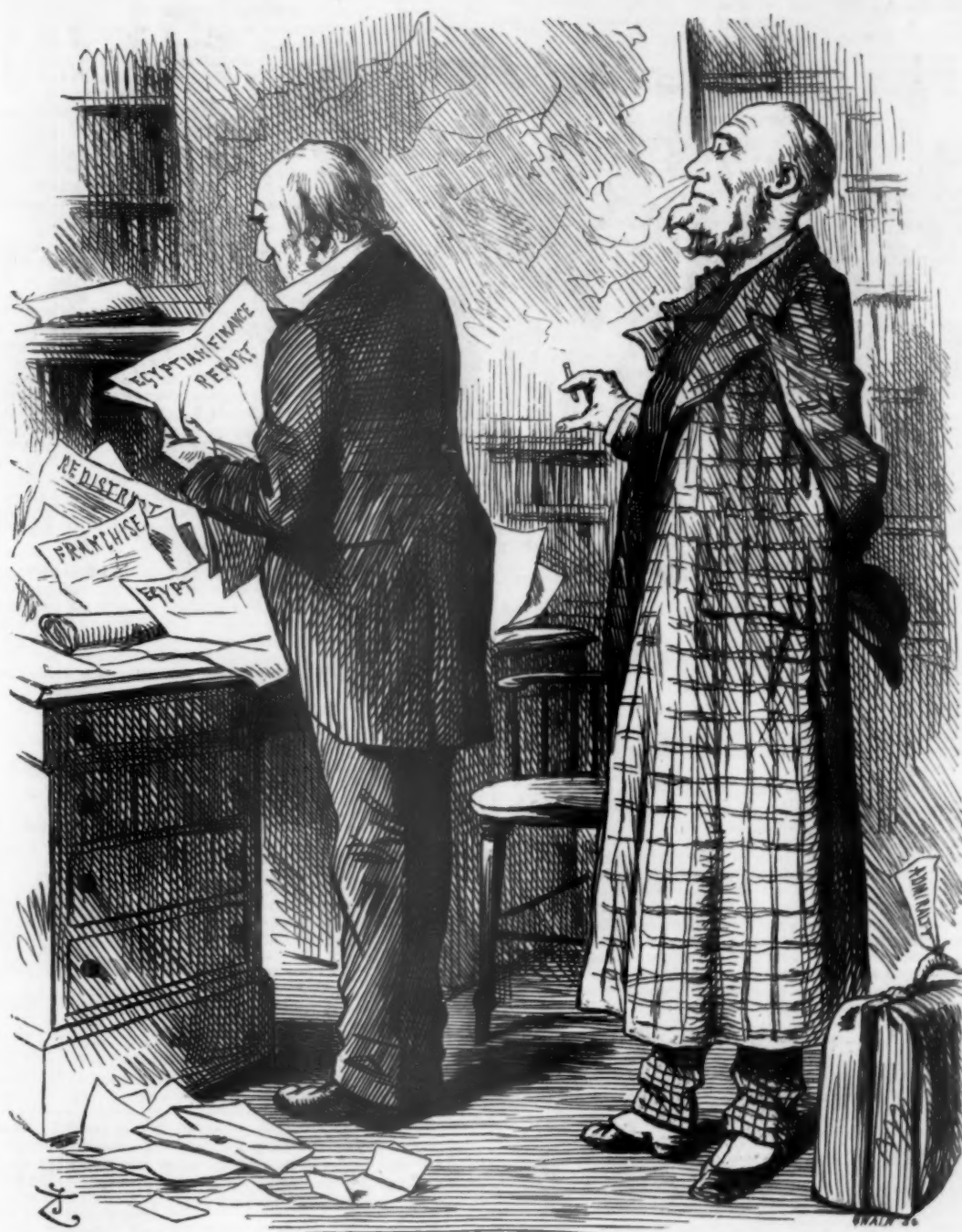
(From a Genuine Correspondent.)

SIR,—Five and twenty years ago I held the subordinit position of money taker at the gallery entrance of one of the leading west end theatres, and if my memory serves me right—for I am now an old man—*Hamlet* was being played, but my memory has been refreshed lately by going into the same theatre where it is being played now. Well, Sir, on one particular night—five and twenty years ago—mark the time—a poor looking lad with an eager face hastily paid his sixpence and reash'd up Stairs. I was much struck with his noble roman countenance and forgot to look at his money, but he had hardly left the pay place when I discovered it was a bad sixpence, but it was too late to call him back, so as soon as I could get released from my duties I hurried to the gallery to see if I could find him but just as I entered, the grave digger was talking about a tanner but as I am not well up in SHAKESPEARE, I did not know if he was referring to the bad one I had received, but to make a long story short, I could not find the noble Looking youth and I had to loose the sixpence, but I have kept it by me and as I hear that the lad has become a great actor he can have the identikle sixpence—for a good one—and wear it on his watch chain by applying to

Yours truly,

A RETIRED—BAD—MONEY TAKER.

WHAT A BAUKER!—For further particulars see the Posthumous Memoirs of KAROLINE of that ilk.



À PROPOS!

LORD N-ETHBR-K (*airily*). "H'M! BY THE BYE, HASN'T THERE BEEN SOME LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE NAVY?"



PROFESSOR BUSKIN'S NOVEL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The Pleasures of Feeding. Henry the Eighth the Bee-feater.

PROFESSOR BUSKIN delivered his ninth lecture at Camford on the Fifth of November. He said that he had not been able to write the whole of his address, as he had been interrupted by a "charming supper" with his "dear friend Mr. BLACKBETTER," but that the meal had been "altogether useful to him." The lucky outcome of this meal had been a glimpse of the Washing-Book of CHARLES THE BALD, the Tutor of ALFRED. In spite of this cause of delay, the Professor's lecture was rather more intelligible than usual.

Henry the Eighth as a Painter.

HAL was a merry person. It was said that the Lollards were fond of beauty. This was not the case. On the contrary they preferred "boiled whales" to all "the Stones of Venice." For further particulars he referred his students to *Fors Clavigera*.

The Battle of Bosworth.

The Saxons were a finer race than the Normans. The latter never were Christians, but had such force in their infancy that it was impossible to polish, stimulate, or chastise them. The Professor was walking in the Louvre with the inventor of Hairbrushing by Machinery when the latter observed, "I have been here a hundred times, but never before noticed that high heels and the Gothic pillar both come from the ancient Greeks." The Professor agreed with his friend, and pointed out that "a piece of steel-clad fact" was worth a thousand theories, and "compared to which the Battles of Hastings and Waterloo were mere boy's quarrels." The Normans were no respecters of privilege, and at Bosworth amply proved that Beef was the origin of their inner consciousness. It was a pity that HENRY THE EIGHTH was only present at the battle in the person of his father. For had the connection been closer, a more modern generation might have reasonably hoped to have escaped those unutterable abominations—railway stations. To more fully explain his meaning, the Professor referred his audience to the later chapters of *Ivanhoe* and the early numbers of the *Illustrated London News*.

"The Old British Pig and the New."

On account of the supper, to which allusion has already been made, the Professor had not committed to paper his peroration. However, he illustrated his idea by showing a drawing of a wild boar pasted on a board side by side with a picture of a hog in armour. Under these he had cleverly written "the British pig" immediately under the boar, and "preserved" below the hog. He held up the board to his students in such a manner that the whole read (with a touch of grim, but delightful humour)—

"THE BRITISH PIG PRESERVED!"

THE REAL STATE OF THE EMPIRE.

By our own Startling Revolutionist.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY TELLS THE PLAIN TRUTH.

I FOUND him in fits of laughter unpacking a mummy with his Private Secretary, but we soon got on to the subject of my visit.

"Is it as bad as they make out?" he replied, repeating my question with his head a little on one side, as if amused at something he was thinking of. "Judge for yourself. This is the most authentic table of statistics yet published, and I flatter myself, it needs no comment. It is our own official work, and you may rely on its perfect impartiality." He threw me a printed paper. I subjoin it:—

Tabular Statement of Present Naval Strength of the Country.

Ironclads Building and in Com.	Bottom Out.	Lop-sided.	Turn upside down aloft.	Ready for Mutiny.	Condemn'd at Lloyd's.	Efficient.
76	19	28	42	13	76	NONE.

Remarks.—There are, in addition to the above—

(1) Several unarmoured high-speed cruisers, that, when their boilers do not burst, can make an average speed of nine knots an hour; but they are at present without crews, and are, by a contract, terminable only in 1897, engaged in the cheap river and sea service between London and Boulogne;

(2) Five dismantled Hospital Ships of the old type, that, in the event of all the available maritime forces of the country being suddenly required in the South Pacific, would be utilised for the temporary defence of the Channel; and

(3) One Torpedo Boat, that, owing to its antiquated method of discharging its missiles backwards into the midst of the friendly fleet that is supporting it, would be of no material assistance in any decisive action.

"And you are not alarmed at this?" I asked, at the same time returning the frank but rather dispiriting document.

"Not in the least," was his cheery reply. "As long as I draw my pay regularly as First Lord—who cares? Ha! ha! ha! It's a merry country, and we all do it!" And, with a hearty guffaw, he again commenced unrolling his mummy.

"Well, my Lord," I said, as I took my departure, "you are a cool one, and no mistake!" But his only response was another burst of unrestrained merriment; and as peal after peal of laughter followed me down-stairs, I hurried off to continue my inquiries in another department.

THE BOARD OF TRADE CAN'T HELP IT.

"I know nothing about iron," said the President, courteously, "and I really don't understand what I have to do with the solution of fiscal and commercial problems, for I'm only a 'Jaak in Office' at best, you know,—still, I shall be happy to assist you as far as I can with statistics. Is there much agricultural depression? There is, undoubtedly. How would I remedy it? Simply enough. Put a high tax on imported food. That would enable the farmer to get famine prices for his corn," and enjoy himself thoroughly.

"But then," I ventured, "would not the suffering mechanic have to pay nine times the usual price for the necessaries of life, and be driven to the verge of starvation?"

My worthy interlocutor passed his hand in a puzzled way over his ample brow. "Well, bless me," he rejoined, "if you are not one too many for me! I never thought of that now. However, we can't help it. But here are one or two statistics of general depression fit to make you dance. I can vouch for the figures," and he handed me the following schedule:—

INDUSTRIAL AND WORKING CLASSES TABULATED DISTRESS.

Class.	Number in Great Britain and Ireland.	Out of Work.	Imagined Causes.
Tight-Rope Dancers ..	32,000	All	Apathy of the Upper Classes.
Treacle Refiners	87,000	70,000	Flourishing state of Dry Champagne trade.
Born Actors	328,244	328,241	Competition of Dramatic School of Art.
Revolving Chimney Makers	62,000	15	Uncertain.
Astroligators	116,450	19,720	Unsettled state of the Weather.
Diving-Bell Proprietors ..	13,000	11,131	Divers reasons. Prevalence of Rheumatism.
Chuckers-Out	513,000	Nearly all	Decline of proper Parliamentary spirit.

Thanking the President, who though courteous seemed glad to get rid of me, I turned my steps next in the direction of the Horse Guards.

WHAT THE DUKE SAID ABOUT THE ARMY.

Just as I had my foot on the step, I had the good fortune to encounter His Royal Highness coming out, and so I lost no time in putting my questions categorically and thoroughly. "Army, Sir, Army?" replied the Duke, warding me off with his umbrella and hailing a hansom. "Bless my soul, Sir, don't you know my opinion yet, Sir? To the dogs, Sir,—to the dogs, that's where the Army has gone, Sir! To the dogs!"

With a gesture of impatience, the Duke hurried into his cab and disappeared; and as I had, I thought, collected enough mournful material to fill the space you had placed at my disposal, I relegated my visit to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Colonial Minister, and the Home Secretary, to another occasion.

Lytton v. Devey.

VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON decides,—Lady LYTTON Had rights in the letters her husband had written. Her son, now Lord L., can restrain publication. That's the law, and from this there'll be no Devey-ation.

A NEW READING.—One day last week a Mrs. THISTLETHWAYTE wrote to the *Morning Post* to inform the public that there was no truth in the report of Mr. GLADSTONE having assisted at a spiritualistic *séance* at her house, as she wouldn't have anything to do with such things, remembering, she said, giving scriptural chapter and verse, the fate of "King SAMUEL." Who was he? Everyone has heard of the surprise expressed in finding "SAUL also among the prophets," but it is nothing to what the Prophet would have said at finding himself among the Kings.

AN INARTISTIC PERFORMANCE (by Lord Randolph Churchill).—Drawing the Badger.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mrs. Mildmay. "ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A SEAT, SIR GUY! COME AND SIT HERE BETWEEN GEORGE AND ME!"

Sir Guy Brummel (with playful humour). "NO; I WILL NOT COME BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE. NOBODY CAN SAY I EVER MADE A MAN JEALOUS!"

Mrs. Mildmay (wishing to be pleasant). "NO, INDEED—THAT I'M SURE YOU NEVER DID!"

[MORAL.—Beware how you make insincere jokes about yourself.]

MANCHESTER'S PLUCKY AUDITOR.

THIS bold Gentleman continues his amusing revelations, to the apparent delight of the ratepayers, and the disgust of the bumptious Corporation. We can only make room for one or two extracts. This is the bill for a dinner, at the Queen's Hotel, for the Members of the Baths and Wash-houses Committee, at which it will be seen that they drank punch, sherry, hock, champagne, claret, port, gin, whiskey, brandy, liqueurs, and mild ale:—

"To Twenty-one dinners, caviare, turtle, &c., 15s. each, £15 15s.; sherry, 16s.; hock, 50s.; punch, 7s. 6d.; champagne, 138s. 6d.; claret, 50s.; port, 25s.; MILD ALE, 1s.; liqueur, 20s.; coffee, 10s. 6d.; cigars, 64s. 6d.; soda, 22s. 6d.; gin, 2s. 6d.; whiskey, 15s.; brandy, 27s. 6d.; service, 21s."

"In addition to the above, the Committee had sent up to the Baths the day before the opening, one dozen bottles of whiskey, 48s.; one dozen gin, 36s.; half-a-dozen brandy, 84s.; half-a-dozen port, 42s.; half-a-dozen sherry, 48s.; two dozen soda, 4s. 6d.; one dozen lemonade, 4s. 6d.; one dozen potass, 4s. 6d.; two boxes cigars, 22s. 6d. each; and half-a-dozen bottles of St. Julien, 36s.; making a total of £52 2s. paid to the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel."

He adds that strenuous efforts have been made to find out the Gentleman who called for Mild Ale, and, when got, consumed a shilling's-worth of it.

The Corporation have apparently quite an Aldermanic love of champagne, for we find it stated that an official at the Town Hall, on going recently to a corner of that building, saw no fewer than forty dozen empty champagne bottles!

A charge for brandy for the Baths produces the following good story. A Lady fainted at a Salvation Temple. A doctor who happened to be present, asked for some brandy, but the Captain replied, that if they were to keep brandy in stock, and it became known, all the people in the neighbourhood would come there, and faint. The receipts of the Hackney Coach Department for seven months amounted

to £37 3s. 4d. when the Committee had a pic-nic which cost £36 8s. 3d., leaving a net available balance of 15s. 1d. to meet wages, clothes, and other expenses.

In the Town Hall, he says, there are many persons who have literally nothing better to do than wait for five o'clock; and if the clock should be rather late in striking, they make a charge for teas.

The Corporation, he says, bought a horse last year, whereby hangs a tale. They gave £50 for it, with the following warranty:—"I have examined the bay gelding. He has a cough upon him, a small splint on the inside of the near fore leg, and a thickening of the off fore coronet, otherwise sound, and four-year-old off."

He then finds in the books—Attending a horse, 1s. 6d.; two draughts, 4s.; blistering throat and gland, 2s. 6d.; stimulating sides, 1s.; pot of liniment, 3s.; and eight cough and fever doses, 12s. The next invoice was—For the lay of one horse for twelve weeks, at 5s. per week. He has no actual proof that this alluded to the Rosinante in question, but evidently has but little doubt of it.

As a fitting conclusion, this audacious auditor has actually presented a testimonial to the Chairman of the Highways Department, as a token of appreciation of the very exceptional case, that there is nothing wrong in the expenditure of his department!

If there were many such auditors, audits would form a most amusing portion of our comic literature.

THE MORE-AND-MORELY SERIES.—The latest addition to the Universal Library, published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, is a volume of *Medieval Tales. The Ballads of the Cid, the Story of Charlemagne and Orlando, and the Gesta Romanorum* ("Roman Jokes," evident translation), are delightful. Better than the bones of RABELAIS, daintily picked, and cleaned, and served up undevilled. *A propos* of this capital series, "the cry is still they come," and we hope also that the cry is still "they go!"

Henry Fawcett.

BORN 1833. DIED NOV. 6, 1884.

Virtus in arduis! Valour against odds
That must have daunted courage less complete.
A spectacle to gladden men and meet
The calm approval of the gazing gods.
So some large singer of the heroic days
Might well have summed that life the fatal shears
Too soon have severed. Many fruitful years,
More conquests yet, still wider meed of praise,
All hoped for him who had good will of all,—
The brave, the justly-balanced, calmly strong
Friend of all truth and foe of every wrong,
Who now, whilst lingering Autumn's last leaves fall
Falls death-touched suddenly far from the goal.
Too soon! too soon! if the stern stroke of fate
Ever too early falls or falls too late.
At least the passing of this clear strong soul
In fullest strength and clearness wakes lament.
We could have better spared a hundred loud,
Incontinent, blaring flatterers of the crowd
Than him, whose self-respecting years were spent
In silent thought and sense-directed toil,
Ungagged by greed, unshackled and unswayed
By sordid impulse of the sophist's trade,
By lies unswayed, and unswayed by spoil.
No braver conquest o'er ill-fortune's flout
Our age has seen than his who held straight on,
Though the great God-gift from his days was gone,
"And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out,"—
Held on with genial stoutness, seeing more
Than men with sight undarkened, but with mind
Through prejudice and Party bias blind.
As man of light and leading far before
The "foolish fires" of faction though they flare,
Betraying beacons, in the battle's van.
Vale! A valid and a valiant man!
Ampler horizons and serenest air
Await the fighter of so good a fight,
Than favour Party's low mist-haunted hollow.
Heart-deep regrets and honest plaudits follow
Him who has passed from darkness into light.

THE LE BAS PRIZE AT CAMBRIDGE.—Awarded to a Scholar of Trinity. No chance for any student of Girtton. Competition for *Le Bas Prize*, not *bas bleu*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AGAINST STREAM; OR, THE POLITICAL NILE PASSAGE.

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 4. — Three o'clock in the morning, and a fine night. That is, fine out of doors; a little stormy inside. Irish Members been on since Five o'clock yesterday afternoon. Various accounts of meaning of business. Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR says, simply means to postpone the Franchise Bill. PARNELL made out just now that the whole object of debate was to drag out speech from CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The whole party languishing to hear new Chief Secretary, "Our Only Minister," as TIM HEALY says, with a tear in his eye. Fact that CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN not quite settled down in Irish Office yet, and naturally knows nothing special about Irish affairs, may account for this anxiety.

Real reason seems to be to free themselves from charge of monotony. The modern Irish Member, to tell the truth, is a little dull. National sense of humour seems dead in him, vulgar abuse taking its place. If they can vary prevailing monotony, will be a good thing;

arrange accordingly. Last Session, Mr. JAMES ELLIS FRENCH object of nightly denunciation by Parnellites. O'BRIEN hissed his name between his teeth, and TIM roared it at the top of his voice. Since then FRENCH, in dire straits, hints that he can tell something about the Government; so O'BRIEN and the rest face about. FRENCH is an injured man—another victim to the acts of a vicious Government.

This the theme to-night, varied by general charges against their countrymen of packing juries. Goes on till Half-past Twelve. Adjournment moved. House aghast at prospect of another night of this. GLADSTONE, who ought to have been in his bed an hour ago, comes in, and invites House to resist Motion for Adjournment. House enthusiastically cheers. PARNELL pleads for only few words from CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Never was there such hankering after human speech from a particular individual. C.-B. strategically moves towards end of Treasury Bench to get out of the way. Parnellites having uninterruptedly said their say through hours, Solicitor-

General for Ireland rises to answer. Instantly assailed by constant interruptions. **SPEAKER** interposes with warning of what may happen if this goes on.

TIM HEALY chaffs the House, the Government, and the **SPEAKER**, but gets out of it safely. **O'BRIEN** comes on with clenched hands, teeth closely set, hissing out hatred for everything English. **SPEAKER** warns him twice he's wandering from question. **O'BRIEN** goes on. **SPEAKER** peremptorily orders him to resume his seat. **O'BRIEN** gasps like man had bucket of water thrown over him. Is it possible that, after all these years, the **SPEAKER** is going to assert dignity and power of the Chair? Is there to be some limit to flouting and jeering and mocking at Authority? Seems so; and **O'BRIEN**, thinking discretion better part of valour, sits down.

Then **Windbag SEKTON** rises, and blows the bellows till he's had a third warning, and puts on the stopper. **JOSEPH GILLIS** next presents himself. **JOEY B.** had tussle with the **SPEAKER** earlier in the evening, and introduced quite fresh procedure. **JOSEPH** in finely sarcastic terms characterised the conduct of Judges in Ireland as lacking in dignity displayed by Chief Baron **NICHOLSON** "playing Judge and Jury in a place called, I believe, 'The Coal-Hole.'"

Remarkable feature in this great man that he never unduly commits himself. "The Coal-hole," some people would have said. "Called, I believe, The Coal-hole," says **JOSEPH GILLIS**, with a wave of his hand, indicating that the detail was too small for him to consider, but it did not affect his argument. **SPEAKER** called upon him to withdraw the expression.

"What expression?" says **JOEY B.**, sly, devilish sly, and counting upon the **SPEAKER** not recalling the precise words. The **SPEAKER** failing, **JOSEPH** pursued him with cross-examination, and in the end seemed to come out victor.

Now he would try another fall with the Right Hon. Gentleman. But the **SPEAKER** not to be trifled with. **JOSEPH**, keeping his small eyes fixed upon the Chair, watchful of every movement, perceived this, and having been twice warned, gracefully subsided.

Then **CALLAN** came forward eager for distinction. Rather hippopotamatic in his humour. Hadn't proceeded two minutes before the **SPEAKER** interposed with the remark—"The Hon. Member is trifling with the House. I must request him to resume his seat," which **CALLAN** promptly did. Then business lapsed into hands of **GRAY**, **COMMINS**, **NOLAN**, and **MARUM**. **PLUNKET** loyally stood by the House at this juncture, but rose when he saw **COMMINS** on his legs with every appearance of readiness with one of his interminably dreary speeches.

"If he's **COMMINS**," said **PLUNKET**, with a sad smile, "I'm **Goina**." And he went. Division taken, showed 30 Members for the adjournment, 118 against, after which, upon principle not easily understood, **GLADSTONE** consented to adjournment. So we strolled forth just before Three in the morning. "This is hard lines for busy men who have a day's work before them," said **DILKE**. "But it's worth sitting up for, to see the **SPEAKER**, in temperate but firm manner, assert his position. Never saw men so astonished in my life as the Irish. Been so long accustomed to override order, couldn't believe their own eyes when they saw **SPEAKER** assert it."

Business done.—Franchise Bill put off another day.

Tuesday Night.—Monotony of vituperation varied by charming story from **T. P. O'CONNOR**. **LADBY**, whose literary acumen is well known, says, it's extract from thrilling romance in *London Journal*, written by one of the doorkeepers. *The Brougham at the Door; or the Mysterious Lady and the Irish Member*. However it be, it's full of thrilling interest.

Seems that one night last Session a Lady drove up to the House of Commons in well-appointed brougham, and "from her carriage," as **T. P.** put it with much unction, sent to an Irish Member and asked him to escort her to the Ladies' Gallery. Member consented. Lady came again, made similar request. Arrived a third time, always in her "carriage." Then, when toils supposed to be sufficiently wound round the gallant and sensitive Irishman, she asked him to her house. He went, in an omnibus. She graciously received him in her drawing-room. Had as much meat and beer as he liked, after which, according to the dramatic narrator, "most odious suggestions were made to him." These not particularised. But eventually £15 was presented to him, **T. P.** says, "to buy dynamite."

"I am not here to say," **PAT O'BRIEN** shouts, "that it was not to make up for falling away of Land League subscriptions."

Who was the Irish Member party to this thrilling romance? At first everyone thought of **JOSEPH GILLIS**. But since that gay young spark's adventures in Paris, he has become an altered man.

"**Wimmin**," **JOSEPH** has been heard sententiously to remark, "is all very well in her place. But her place isn't by my side."

Next suspicion fell upon **T. P.** himself. Captain **O'SHEA**, however, who knows all secrets, tells me it's **REDMOND** the Younger, and there's nothing more probable. There is about him just that careless piratical air that is calculated to attract Ladies of quality who go about in "a carriage," and promiscuously dispense five-pound notes. To see him enter the House, pausing a moment at the Bar to survey

the benches with slightly surprised look, to watch him fling himself on to the bench, and throw back the dark and greasy locks that lie over his forehead, is worth paying threepence for a seat in the Gallery.

"I never," says **CAVENDISH BENTINCK**, "see young **REDMOND** entering the House but I think of the Third Murderer 'naughtily walking to the gallows through an unsympathetic crowd, whom he dispeises but doesn't fear.'"

"What a thing it is to be young and handsome!" says **T.B. POTTER**, genially smiling over a wealth of waistcoat. "No anonymous Lady, in well-appointed brougham, calls for me, and takes me home to supper."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Wednesday.—Gravely reported to-day that "there is much dissatisfaction among Irish Members at recent rulings of the **SPEAKER**."

Don't doubt it. **SPEAKER** evidently resolved to enforce the powers already placed at his disposal. Began on Tuesday morning with salutary effect. Continued to-day with what is to Parnellites alarming determination. **O'DONNELL**, twice called to order for infringing rules of debate, proceeded to argue matter. Nothing unusual about this. Been done continually since New Rules made. **O'DONNELL** with good reason felt as if he were merely slating the Chief Secretary. **SPEAKER** promptly up, and named him. **O'DONNELL** being suspended before he and his compatriots had recovered their breath.

It is upon reflection on this scene that the dissatisfaction reported finds expression. It is quite clear that if this kind of thing goes on, debates in the House of Commons will become at least as orderly as in the average Town-Hall or Vestry.

Business done.—Address finally disposed of.

Thursday.—Sir **THOMAS BATESON** severely CAINED to-night. Hon. Baronet, not usually a prompt man, woke up from Sunday afternoon nap, having dreamt Government had received despatch confirming rumoured fall of Khartoum. Scarborough election next day. Happy thought! Telegraph this news—might get a few votes. So **THOMAS** toddled off to telegraph office, sent information, with inflammatory postscript,—

"Hold the Government responsible for this indelible disgrace."

CAINE now wanted to know all about this. Muddled explanation from **BATESON**. Chief point seems to be that he sent the telegram on Sunday because the day after (on Monday), the *Times* believed the rumour—which, by the way, it didn't, but exactly the reverse.

"Avoid telegrams in future, **TOMMY**," **NORTHCOTE** said, in kindest manner. "You weren't born for a telegraphist. Besides, you ought to have been at Church, instead of going to sleep in the Carlton, and waking up to send crammers, regardless of expense."

GLADSTONE moved Second Reading of the Franchise Bill. **STANHOPE**, in absence of **RANDOLPH**, read a speech—of course prepared before he heard **GLADSTONE**, in which he demonstrated that what **GLADSTONE** had said did not help matters. House nearly empty for the rest of the night. Speeches must be made, it seems, though there is nothing fresh to say. Only can't get men to stay and listen.

Pretty scene towards One in the morning, when Franchise Debate adjourned. News comes to-night of **FAWCETT**'s death. **STAFFORD NORTHCOTE**, whose natural kindness always brings him out well on these occasions, paid generous tribute to an old political adversary. Lord **HARTINGTON** said few simple words of genuine regret; **JUSTIN MCCARTHY** winding up with a tribute of regret from Irish party.

A bright glimmer this amid the sordid Party conflicts of the hour.

Business done.—Second Reading Franchise Bill moved.

Saturday, 1 A.M.—Franchise Bill passed Second Reading by majority of 140. During debate Conservatives grow increasingly fond of Bill. Grand Cross can hardly mention it without a tear, and **STAFFORD NORTHCOTE**'s voice quivers when he alludes to it. What with this and **RANDOLPH**'s quarrel with **GORSER** been a wearing evening.

Business done.—Franchise Bill read Second Time in biggest House of present Parliament. For, 372; against (yet not against), 232.



Mr. O'Donnell Suspended for a Week, by Order of the Speaker.

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